PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

You asked me of your mother, child—
Your mother whose fair form is dust,
Whose soul is with the saints, I trust—
Why, as you asked me that and smiled
Methought I saw in your young face
A sweet reflection of her grace.

Oh, she was nobly, grandly fair!
Her eyes were as the heavens blue,
Her hair was of a golden hue,
Her ruby lips beyond compare—
Oh child, your mother, in her day,
'Mongst beauties held *the* beauty's sway!

And was she gentle, child, as thou?
Why wrench the arrows in my heart—
Why bid the burning teardrops start?
Oh, child, methinks I see her now—
Waiting down by the wicket gate
As years agone she used to wait.

Why do I weep? Who would not weep
To think of how she waited there
Till she could grip me by the hair
And in her wifely fashion sweep
The garden walk with my poor frame?
Patience was your sweet mother's name.

A CHINESE MAZEPPA.

A thrilling tragedy was enacted at Brookville, in Arizona, not long ago. There lived within three or four miles of the town three cowboys. Their jingling spurs, their long-horned and brightly-mounted saddles, on which were coiled, like long, lithe, limber snakes, rawhide riatas, the predominance of bright color displayed in saddle, blanket and clothing, the gleam of the highly-polished pistol and knife, and the rude, active health and vivacity of horses and riders, made them a picture pleasant to look upon, when such an inspection could be made with safety. They were known to their associates as Jake McCray, Billy Folansbee and Tom Dilworth. They had been carousing in town, and were then on their way back to their rendezvous. Suddenly a Chinaman appeared, laden with baskets, and with a dog trot slowly approached them, and his little pig-like eyes showed that he had an instinctive fear of the horsemen. This was an opportunity for cruel sport which the cowboys could not let pass, and Jake McCray said to his companions: "Boys, let's have a China Mazeppa. I'll lasso the Chinaman, and yous ketch a steer, an' we'll tie John on an' run him through the streets of the town." To this cool proposition Billy and Tommy joyfully assented.

In a few seconds McCray's riata was describing circles in the air, and Ah Sin, dropping his burden, fled for dear life, but after a few bounds the unerring riata encircled the limbs of the Mongol, and he was jerked and thrown ten feet in the air by the bounding horse of the cowboy. In the meantime Billy Folansbee and Tom Dilworth had pursued a huge Texan steer, and Bill had thrown his riata on the animal's wide horns, while Tom, by a left underhand throw of the rawhide, had encircled the animal's hind legs and thrown him prostrate on the earth. There he lay panting and bellowing out defiance at his captors, although in their expert hands he was as powerless as an infant. Billy and his companion shouted to Jake McCray to bring over the prisoner, and added, parenthetically, "Be kerful and don't kill the darn critter, as there won't be any sport in giving a dead Chinaman a ride." Jake McCray was careful, but not as considerate as he might have been, for when he arrived where the steer was struggling, the Chinaman had lost the best part of his blouse and about half the cuticle from one side of his body. They fastened the riata to the horns, and the trained animals held the steer fully as well as though the riders were in the saddle.

The trembling Chinaman made piteous appeals to his captors, and even fished out four $20 gold pieces from some recesses in his clothing, and offered them as a bribe for liberty. The money was appropriated, but the longed-for freedom was denied him. They laid the prisoner breast down upon the steer and pulled his hands well down upon the shoulders and tied them together. Then his legs were pulled apart and secured firmly on either side of the animal's loins, and the Chinaman was tied so firmly upon the back of the animal that he looked, as McCrary expressed it, as "though he growed there." The fastenings were then removed from the steer. With blood in his eye, and shaking his great breadth of horn defiantly at his tormentors, he charged successively first at one horseman then at another, while Ah Sin was yelling alternately, "Police!" and "Murder!" in broken English and Chinese, at the top of his voice. His captors made the air fairly ring with devilish merriment.

Finally the "fiery, untamed" steer was headed for town, and then began a race which beggars description. Over every gully and ditch he went, making stupendous bounds each time these obstructions were encountered, and each bound being accurately recorded by the Mongolian, for he fairly rent the air with his screams, and the length of the cry was regulated by the distance covered by the steer in a jump. The cowboys were more than delighted with the success of their scheme. The steer would endeavor to turn, but his remorseless tormentors headed him at every point; when endeavors to make these turns would develop abnormal bursts of speed, long-drawn-out wails would issue from the unhappy Mongol, and when the animal settled down to an ordinary run the cry would sink down low, and thus, like the music of an Æolian harp, would the moans rise and fall. The wild, frenzied bovine approached a gully fully eighteen feet in width, and, with a fierce snort and bound, the steer gathered himself in one supreme effort and cleared it by a scratch. Jake McCrary's horse, following a little to the right, and at a narrower place, also successfully jumped across the dry chasm. But Bill Folansbee and Tom Dilworth following immediately behind the Chinese Mazeppa, both came to grief and were landed, horse and foot, in the bottom of the ditch. Tom recovered first and hurried his horse along the bottom for a quarter of a mile, and finally clambered out; but Folansbee lay stunned in the bottom, while his companions continued the mad chase.

The steer was turned at midday into the main street of the town. All the dogs in the place chased the frenzied animal and barked in chorus; horses broke from their fastenings, and behind came McCrary and Dilworth shouting like wild Apaches. The frenzied animal, with his human burden, followed everywhere by shouts, barks and indescribable din, shot through street and alley, was headed into square and plaza, and finally succeeded in going through the Orion saloon, breaking up two flourishing poker games, making his entrance through the front and his exit at the back. His Nemeses, McCrary and Dilworth, as though playing "follow my leader," spurred their foaming and reluctant steeds through the same passage; and, although the proprietor protested with a six-shooter, they, too, made their exit with safety. Up the street, with renewed vigor, flew the unwilling Mazeppa and the wild beast, the latter running amuck now and endeavoring to pierce every living thing he encountered with his long, sharp horns. Suddenly, when in front of the Court House, the steer stumbled and fell. Deputy Sheriff Charles Smith took advantage of this, and, with a few quick cuts of his bowie-knife, released the Mongolian Mazeppa from his perilous perch. The released Chinaman threw himself under the protection of the officer of the law. The harried steer, seeing his mounted persecutors approaching, struggled to his feet and darted away.

Tom Dilworth, when he discovered his prisoner free, loosened his riata and shouted to McCrary to catch the steer and he would capture the Chinaman. Swinging his lasso around, he charged up and loudly called on the Deputy Sheriff to stand aside. The officer of the law drew his pistol, while the Mongolian crouched and trembled behind him, and the Sheriff's Deputy shouted defiantly, "Touch him at your peril." Without a second's hesitation the riata was thrown, and encircled the officer and the Chinaman, but before the line was tightened by the quick-turning horse the crack of Smith's pistol was heard, and Dilworth fell dead from his saddle. The horse, frightened by the falling body, bounded away, and the two or three turns taken round the horn held the riata firmly, and the brave officer and abused Chinaman were dragged, bumped and jolted through the main street. The dogs made matters worse by their barking, and the citizens endeavored to intercept the mad career of the riderless horse. Finally, after dragging them a mile, the riata broke. They were picked up, but so badly were they bruised and torn that it was hard to tell which was Caucasian or which Mongolian. McCrary, seeing from the outcome of affairs that there would be trouble, hunted up Folansbee, informed him of the fatal termination, and both fled in fear of their lives.

VENTILATING RAILWAY CARS.

Everybody who has traveled by rail in winter has suffered from the horrible ventilation, or rather the want of ventilation of, the ordinary passenger car. It is to all a cause of great annoyance and suffering, and to many of serious illness, if not permanent ill health. A gentleman of this city, who travels a good deal, has hit upon an effectual means of relief from the evil. He states it as follows:

"When I find the air in the car becoming oppressive, I listen for the locomotive to give the signal of our approach to a station. As soon as I hear the whistle, I take my station at the rear end of the car, and watch for the conductor or brakeman to make his appearance, as I know he will presently do, at the other door in the front end. As he opens the front door, I open the back door. The motion of the train instantly causes the car to be flushed and swept by a flood of outer air. In five or ten seconds—just while the doors are casually open—all the foul air is expelled, and the car is filled with pure, cool, fresh air from without. When the conductor shuts his door, I shut mine. If somebody squalls out for the door to be shut, I promptly beg pardon and shut it. Meantime the business has been done, and all are relieved and benefited. I repeat the trick at every station or two, or as often as is necessary, and nobody so far as I know has ever suspected the design." It works like a charm, and I have escaped, in this way, many a cold and sore throat, and many hours of half suffocation and suffering. —*Indianapolis Herald.*

PUTS AND CALLS.

Mrs. Breezy, Puzzled and Curious, Demands an Explanation.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

"I believe you have gambled in Wall street, Mr. Breezy," said Mrs. Breezy, helping her lord and master to a cup of coffee.

"I have speculated a little in stocks, dear, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Breezy, unfolding his napkin.

"Same thing," said Mrs. Breezy; "you can call it speculation; I know it's gambling. How do they do it, anyway? I read about puts and calls and straddles, and buy a three's, but I never can make any head or tail out of it. I suppose it's all some horrid slang you men have invented."

"Well, no, dear," said Mr. Breezy, helping his better two-thirds to a chop, "it isn't exactly slang. You see, for instance, I buy a hundred short——"

"You do what?" cried Mrs. Breezy.

"I buy a hundred short," repeated Mr. Breezy.

"Well, what in the name of common sense do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Breezy. "Why don't you talk United States—I mean English? You buy a hundred short, and what has short got to do with it?"

"If you will give me time I will explain, my dear," said Mr. Breezy. "You see if a man is long on stock he is—"

"Long on stock?" said Mrs. Breezy. "Now, what are you getting to? First you are short and then you are long. What does a man want to get on a stock for, anyway?"

"My dear, if you will allow me—"

"To be sure. Go ahead. Tell me something about Wall street, but don't talk nonsense," said Mrs. Breezy.

"Well, my dear, we will suppose that I have a put on Wabash, and—"

"There you go again," said Mrs. Breezy. "Will you or will you not talk in a language I can understand? What is Wabash, anyway? I suppose it is another slang term?"

"No, that's a stock," said Mr. Breezy; "you see, dear, if I have a call on Wabash or Northwestern—"

"If you call on the Northwest?" cried Mrs. Breezy; "are you really going mad, Mr. Breezy? Well, I might expect as much from the life you have led recently. What with clubs and politics, you are going headlong to some terrible fate."

"My dear, it will be impossible for me to explain anything unless you will give me five minutes to do it in," said Mr. Breezy, with unusual warmth. "Now, at the beginning of this week Omaha preferred started at 106½ and 105—"

"Omaha preferred!" asked Mrs. Breezy. "What is preferred? Who preferred it? What has Omaha got to do with New York and Wall street anyway, and what do you mean by 106½?"

"I shall have to give it up," said Mr. Breezy in a despairing voice.

"No, Mr. Breezy, I have started out to know something about Wall street, and I won't allow you to get out of it in that way," said Mrs. Breezy, setting herself more firmly in her chair. "Now, Mr. Breezy, you will please drop slang and come to something I can understand. For instance, what is a bull-bear?"

"Ha, ha, ha-oh!" laughed Mr. Breezy.

"What do you mean by laughing at me, Mr. Breezy? I'm sure I—"

"Ho, ho, ha-oh!" and Mr. Breezy fairly doubled up with laughter.

"Mr. Breezy, you haven't the manners of a savage," cried Mrs. Breezy, pushing back her chair, "and I don't believe you know any more about Wall street than a two-weeks' old baby," and Mrs. Breezy made Hazael time to the kitchen to take revenge upon the cook.

BROTHERHOOD.

"There, boy, is a big penny for you; now go home and say your prayers like a Christian," said the plethoric to the lean on the avenue.

"And what prayer shall I say?' asked little lean.

"Say 'Our Father which art in heaven,'" replied plethoric.

"And is He our father—yours and mine too?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then are you my big brother?"

"Of course I am."

Then little man looked up and asked the question which even religion can't compel any man to answer: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to offer your poor little brother a penny when you have plenty, and you know he is 'most starved to death?"

THE SCHEMING ELEPHANTS.

P. T. Barnum gives this anecdote in a temperance lecture: "Last winter two of my elephants began shaking with chills one morning. The keepers ran down to the village and got six gallons of whisky. Hastily returning, three gallons were given to each elephant. Fortunately it cured them. They liked the artificial warmth it superinduced. Next morning when the keeper came to them he found both elephants shaking with might and main. 'No you don't,' he shouted, 'you are well enough today,' and they stopped shaking."

DR. H. R. PALMER'S International Normal Music School begins June 26 at Meadville, Pa., and continues four weeks.

STORIES ABOUT LONGFELLOW.

The New York *Times* says that once when he was entertaining some friends in Cambridge a thunder-storm came up. After fidgeting awhile in his chair, he excused himself and went about shutting the windows all over the house. Coming back, he remarked by way of explanation, "I hate everything that is violent. A little girl met Luigi Monti, the Italian poet, who was on his way one Christmas to dine with Longfellow, and asked him to show her where Longfellow lived. So he took her along and told her to look out for the white-haired gentleman reading a paper near the window. When he entered he said to Longfellow: "Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl who wants to see you very much." "A little girl wants to see me very much! Where is she?" He hastened to the door and, beckoning with his hand, called out: "Come here, little girl, come here if you want to see me." She needed no second invitation, and, after shaking her hand and asking her name, he kindly took her into the house, showed her the "Old Clock on the Stairs," the chair made from the village smith's chestnut tree, and the beautiful pictures and souvenirs gathered in many years of foreign residence. The child will carry all her life delightful memories of her Christmas call at Mr. Longfellow's. When professor at Harvard College, says the New York *Post*, "he was one of the few professors who then addressed their pupils as 'Mr.;' his tone to them, though not paternal nor brotherly, was always gentlemanly. On one occasion, during an abortive movement toward rebellion, some of the elder professors tried in vain to obtain a hearing from a crowd of angry students collected in the college yard; but when Longfellow spoke there was a hush, and the word went round, 'Let us hear Prof. Longfellow, for he always treats us as gentlemen.'" Mr. Samuel Ward, famous lobbyist, and brother of Julia Ward Howe, says that when about ten years ago Longfellow was "paying me his usual Christmas visit, he read me 'The Hanging of the Crane,' 200 lines, for which Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, paid him $4,000, having offered $1,000 when I mentioned the existence of the poem. Mr. Longfellow declined the price, when the owner of Dexter, whom the poet in his letters to me called 'Diomed, the tame horse,' quadrupled his bid and obtained the prize. The *Cornhill Magazine* paid Mr. Tennyson three guineas a line for 'Tythonus,' and it was reserved for the New York *Ledger* to add a pound to the laureate's price. I remember his telling me that he had carried in his thoughts for a year a scheme for the 'Skeleton in Armor,' which was suggested by a skeleton exhumed, I believe, at Taunton, and exhibited at Fall River in a museum long since burned to the ground. It was, I believe, in 1839 that he rode with my sister, Mrs. Howe, and a gay party from Newport to Fall River, to inspect this curious relic, about which he challenged my sister to make a poem. His translation of the 'Inferno' was the result of ten minutes' daily work at a standing desk in his library while his coffee was reaching the boiling point on his breakfast table."

THE SOUTHAMPTON INSURRECTION.

The Southampton insurrection startled the people of Virginia in the month of August, 1831. The leader was a slave named Nat Turner. It is said that from childhood he seemed to have been the victim of superstition and fanaticism, and to have grown up in the belief that he was destined to accomplish some great purpose. He was austere in life and manners, and impressed his associates with the conviction that he was a prophet of the Almighty, and that he was guided by inspiration from above. In his confession he related that on May 12, 1828, he had a vision, and a spirit visited him, and commanded him to be ready at a sign to be given in the heavens to rise and slay his enemies. This sign was to be the eclipse in February, 1831. The Fourth of July was the day fixed for the rising, but he fell ill, and that time passed. The sign appeared again, he said, and then he determined to wait no longer. The insurrection began on the night of Aug. 21, by the massacre of his master, Joseph Travis, and his family. Turner and his associates had agreed that, until they could arm and equip themselves and raise a sufficient force, neither age nor sex should be spared, and this was their course. They went from house to house, massacring the whites, until their numbers were increased to over fifty, all mounted and armed with guns and swords, axes and clubs. Their acts soon aroused the country, and the members of the gang were attacked and scattered. Turner's associates deserted him, and he had to conceal himself for several weeks; but he was discovered, captured, tried and executed. It is stated by Wilson that in this insurrection sixty-one white persons and more than 100 slaves were killed or executed.

PROF. MOOS, of Heidelberg, found, in ten and a half years, that twenty out of eighty railroad engineers applied to him for treatment of affections of the ear. He thinks the hearing of engineers should be tested as carefully as their vision.

THE VICE OF CURIOSITY.

Probably no feeling has been held up to greater reprobation than that of curiosity. Early tradition is full of allusion to it. The fate of "Blue Beard's wife," and the third Calendar in the "Arabian Nights," who has cause to lament the indiscreet anxiety which cost him his right eye, are familiar to us from childhood. "Peeping Tom's" fate is another legendary warning. "Paul Pry" is held up as an example to be shunned. Ancient mythology has its tales of Cupid and Psyche, of Cephalus and Procris. The Norse legends tell of the fate of the woman who rashly disturbed the grave of a hero to obtain his sword, and was consumed by the flames that surrounded the enchanted blade. History and real life add their tale of warnings against too great a desire to know "the wherefore of every why." And yet the world would be badly off if no inquisitive people exisited in it. Great inventors and discoverers are all, in one sense, full of curiosity. The desire for knowledge, which Johnson averred to be common to every human being "who is not depraved," is a form of inquisitiveness. Columbus was intensely curious regarding the unknown world, which he believed lay across the unexplored ocean. Curiosity has sent out a long succession of travelers into strange countries; from Marco Polo and Mandeville down to the latest African explorers. Curiosity has given to the world scientific discoveries and valuable inventions. Curiosity regarding the life of previous ages has rescued interesting documents and ancient records from oblivion. Apples had fallen for thousands of years, kettles had bubbled for centuries, but it was only when inquiring minds like Sir Isaac Newton's, the Marquis of Worcester's, and Watts observed them that the principle of gravitation was discovered or the power of steam understood. Socrates was not so mistaken when he taught his disciples to ask questions, aggravating as the habit must have been to their fellow-citizens.

Without a certain amount of curiosity nothing would ever be learned. It was the sight of a book of mathematical diagrams that gave Pascal his first desire to study geometry; the strange figures awoke the boy's curiosity, and he became anxious to know what they represented. Many a similar tale might be related of other geniuses. Curiosity of this description becomes an enthusiasm. No difficulty or danger will deter the votary of art or science from attempting to solve the mysteries of his calling. Many a physician has, like Guyon, of Marseilles, given his life to gain an insight into the dark secrets of disease. Nearly every scientific discovery has been bought, at some period, by a life worn away by over-study, or more directly sacrificed through accident or experiment. Deadly climates and unknown perils do not check the ardor of the explorer. Vandervelde, the celebrated sea painter, being in a vessel during a raging storm, caused himself to be tied to a mast that he might study the effect of sea and sky, and kept exclaiming, "Marvelous, sublime," totally oblivious of his danger. Leibnitz's royal patroness is said to have expressed herself as resigned to death, because she would then learn the answer to many questions Leibnitz would never reply to—which is certainly pushing the love of inquiry to the extremest verge. —*London Globe.*

AUSTRALIAN VASTNESS.

It is not easy to grasp the enormous bulk of the Australian continent—the practically unlimited space within which the colonies have room to grow. The colony of Victoria—the smallest and at the same time the most populous and highly developed of the continental group—is about as large as Great Britain; New South Wales has an area five times that of England, but it is not half as large as Queensland, and only a third of the size of South Australia. Western Australia is even larger and more empty of population; after measuring acres with South Australia, it would have almost sufficient land to furnish out New Zealand and Tasmania, and yet New Zealand compares in area with the British islands, and Tasmania is nearly as large as Scotland. The acreage under crop in the Australian colonies in 1880 was 6,500,000 acres. That seems a respectable total; yet it seems ridiculously small when we compare with it the illimitable extent of the land yet lying waste. To take the case of New South Wales, while there are 685,000 acres in cultivation and 17,500,000 acres inclosed, there are 180,000,000 acres, much of it excellent land, still unalienated. Even at the present rapid rate at which the land is being fenced, it will occupy 180 years to dispose of it all. This colony alone contained the extraordinary number of 32,400,000 sheep in 1880, beside 2,580,000 cattle and nearly 400,000 horses. Before the close of the next decade it is expected that the sheep stock of New South Wales will run between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 head.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

JESSE JAMES was a college graduate. Those who have seen college students traveling home about 12 p. m. will believe it.—*Boston Post.*

PLEASANTRIES.

THERE are some promising young men who are not careful about keeping their word.

"I SEE that winter is lingering in the lap of spring. The horrid thing!"—*Susan B.*

A WIT being asked, on the failure of a bank, "Were you not upset?" replied, "No; I only lost my balance."

TEACHER to small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy: "Pull down the blinds."

"CHARITY vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," and yet some men expect a puff every time they give $1 to an indigent old woman's society.

A RUSSIAN proverb says: "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

A RETURNED East Indian was complimented on his genial disposition and large heartedness. "Yes," he replied, "I need less heart, but more liver."

THE Oil City *Derrick* thus sadly moralizes: "A great many men would rather be a receiver of a defunct insurance company than a door-tender in the house of the Lord."

IT does aggravate a man to think that, while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard at any time.

WE look for the support of every old woman in this county when we boldly assert that there are not three members of Congress who know to within three hours when soft-soap is ready to wax.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FROM the the album of the Countess de B.: "Men always say, 'If you do not love me, I will kill myself.' Later on we say to them: 'If you love me no longer I shall die.' And, in the end, nobody is buried."

ADMIRATION: "By shimminy, how dot poy studies grammer," was the remark of a German when his son called him a "knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, seven-sided, glazed-eyed son of a sawhorse."

A MINISTER at Richmond, Va., recently swooned while marrying his old sweetheart to another man. If his part of the ceremony made him swoon, what nerve the man who was married must have had to stand up under it.—*Boston Post.*

A NOTED physician says many persons, simply by deep and rapid inhalations of pure air, can become as intoxicated on oxygen as if they had taken a draught of alcoholic stimulants. Here is a point for the man who has been walking rapidly home from the club in the night air.

"WELL, Andrew," a gentleman remarked to a Scotchman, who, with his brother, was the only remnant of a narrow sect, "I suppose you and Sandy are the only bodies who will get to heaven, now?" "Deed, sir," replied Andrew, shaking his head, "an' I'm no' so sure about Sandy."

THERE was a young lady in Worcester
So scared by a crow of a rorcester,
That her mother cried, Hannah—
I'm surprised at your mannah!
Why don't you behave as you ucester?

A QUIET young man from Shanghai
Indulged in a piece of mince pai;
His life work is o'er
His form here no moer
Will visible be to the ai.

AT a whale exhibition, a youngster asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner. "You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

"THRASHING by steam," murmured a fond mother as she glanced at an article in an agricultural paper. "What gitups they do have now a days. If I had had one of those steam thrashers for my four boys, my arms wouldn't have been as rheumaticky as they are to-day," and she dreamily thought of the past as it might have been.

GEORGE PECK asserts in his *Sun* that "a peculiar suit for damages against a newspaper is liable to be commenced against an alleged funny paper not a million miles from Milwaukee. An advertisement was contracted for in which a bald head and a head with plenty of hair was to appear. One was to be labeled "Before using," and the other "After using." The newspaper man, either by mistake or for fun, put the legend "Before using" under the head that had plenty of hair, and "After using" under the picture of the bald head. It is said to have been as good as a can-can to see the owner of the bald-headed remedy, when he saw the way the newspaper had mixed those children up."

TWO CHURCHMEN were deploring the spread of agnosticism, when one of them asked the other if he had ever known an instance of a truly religious man who had gone over to the heretics. "Yes," was the answer, "I know of a pious Brooklyn shoemaker who rejected Christianity because it encouraged a belief in the immortality of seles." His friend paid for the drinks.